

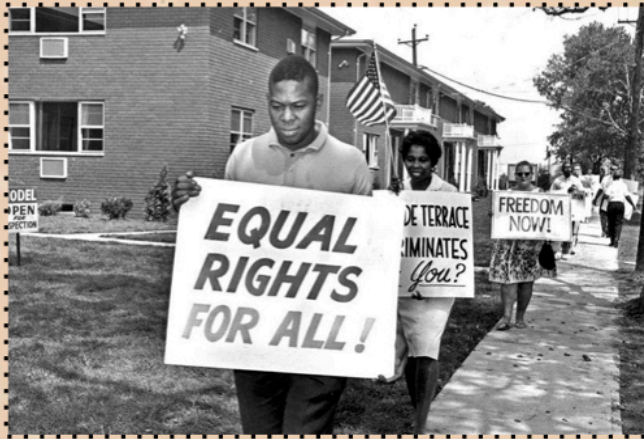
Breaking News

no.203.078

THE WORLDS OLDEST NEWSPAPER

- since 1879 -

The Dangers of Race



Brazil officials have reported illegal slavery. Their statement said "Nós encontramos escravidão ilegal. Os assim chamados" proprietários "afirmaram que ainda é legal. Estamos investigando isso. Detalhes em breve." "We have found illegal slavery. The so called "owners" has stated that it is still legal. We are looking into this. Details soon."

Farms have been rebuilt in bakersfield. Many "unusual" people have appeared in thin air. Could this be a hallucination? Witnesses have all said the common thing. "It just appeared. We saw a girl get hit by a grown man. This isn't a everyday thing you see." As this story develops we will tell.

An Aztec civilization has been formed. Reports from Spain have said " Nos haremos cargo de la civilización Azteca." "We will take over Aztec civilization." This has been said to be a "Wrinkle in time" that has brought many things in the past to the future.

A civilian has reported a group of White Men attacking Black Men and Woman. They are dressed in Long White Robes and White. They have reported "Hand Signals" that are similar to the "Nazi Signal". Many churches have been burned down and have caused many riots.

A Riot has occurred in Los Angeles called "The Watts Riot" African Americans have been reported Drinking And Driving causing deaths of three dozen people dead and thousands injured.

As we are approaching the Anniversary of the Alamo War in seven months, people have reported seeing "A building that looks exactly like the Alamo" If you have seen any signs of an "Alamo" please report to the local police.

Hawaii has reported a ship has appeared out of thin air. They have sent out a statement stating "We have found a ship that looks like the Pearl Harbor ship we are creating. We have seen various airplanes in the sky. We have identified them as 131 strong of the Aichi 3A2, Val Type 99, single-engine dive bombers, 79 of the Mitsubishi A6M2 Zeke, and more."

Joke Of The Day: My wife told me I had to stop acting like a flamingo. So I had to put my foot down.

By: Hallie Klenk, Aariah Ford, Kolokai Lockwood, Alex Garcia, Christian Montano Jr, Ali Sanchez and Maya Campbell

The Dangers of Race

Students of HTHI

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Back to The Alamo

By: Alex Garcia

Just like that I was back in 1836, in San Antonio, Texas, in someone's backyard, looking for my next adventure. Texas is a little dry, but the weather is wonderful, chilly; the sun is hot you don't need a sweater. I was nervous, I was going to get caught, but I remained calm, looking at my surroundings. I quickly grabbed something to blend in and protect myself. I saw a house, it had laundry outside. I got a basic pair slacks and a white button up, I took socks and boots that were on the back porch. "They won't miss them, I hope not." I whispered. I went to the nearest store and saw a big sign on a building that read "The Alamo", It looked like a church but I wasn't sure, little did I know it was an important place. I make my way to the store to see if the clerk can let me know what is going on.

The clerk informed me that Texans have taken control of San Antonio again from Mexico.. Apparently, the Texans forces general Sam Houston to warn everyone to leave San Antonio, because there weren't enough troops. However, a few decided to stay back and fight until the end. I felt my stomach drop, what was "until the end?" I had to get ready and prepare for this doomsday Sam Houston was nervous about. I decided to go to the nearest soldier and find out how I could join. I became a soldier. They gave me a musket and a small knife to protect myself, and told me "Practice and be ready at any moment." I saw how the military was diverse and had Mexicans fighting for Texas. I spoke Spanish to blend in with them. I told them I was out looking for work, and found this town. In total there were 200 Texans are willing to protect their town.

One night we all gathered and made some food, we mainly had cattle, corn, and some coffee. I overheard a few reasons Texas wanted freedom from Mexico. One guy pointed out how Mexico wanted to get rid of slaves, and they had no right. I also found out the reason slaves were wanted because cotton was popular around those areas. Another reason was they wanted their independence because they didn't want Federalism in their country. All they did was talk about how they were ready to fight for Texas.

On February 23, 1836, I was enjoying the breeze, when all of a sudden I heard horses and men shouting. Just like that everything changed, everything became chaos. I didn't know where to turn to, or what to do. I didn't know where my musket was, all I remember is someone screaming, "Run to the Alamo!", so I ran faster than I thought I could. Inside of the Alamo, it was a beautiful but confined. We all heard screams and banging when we were fighting. We kept seeing them putting up ladders but we kept finding ways to knock them down. I couldn't tell how many men there were, but it looked like at least 1,800 to 3,000 men. They kept coming and coming, and still we kept fighting and fighting. I helped keep guard every day. I helped the wounded, and entertained the young that were stuck with us. We had children, women, and slaves; we all did what we could to help the soldiers. We sent out letters for reinforcement and hoped someone would come. It lasted 13 days, we were short on cattle and corn.. We learned how to make it work until the great defeat. On March 6, 1836, it felt like a long night, there wasn't much noise, and I felt my stomach strike with abnormal pain, next thing I knew, they swarmed in and started killing everyone. They only let a few of us survive, they told us that we were free to go only to tell our story and to send a message to anyone wanting to revolt against Mexico.

We got to the nearest city, and sent the message. The general Sam Houston was there and began to plan the revenge of the Alamo. Later Sam Houston went to fight Santa Anna, the general of the Mexican Army, and defeated the Army. Texas was granted independence! Oh what a time to experience. I had to get home, I knew my mission was complete here; I looked at my watch, and put 2019. I couldn't wait to share my experience at the Alamo.

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Levantar

By: Ali Sanchez

As I'm walking to class my body starts to feel numb as a broomstick I didn't think anything of it. Maybe I ate something that is making me feel this way. "How are you doing today ali?" "Fine I guess. How about yourself?" As i was talking to my friend Marinna, I began to feel very dizzy. Like if the world is spinning like spiral. So I run as fast as I could to the bathroom. I don't remember making it to the bathroom.

I woke up in a man made bunk bed. There were two girls and three boys in the room. They all seemed to look like me in some way. "Esperanza, Esperanza!" they called. A father figure had come into the room and called me esperanza. I looked at the man with a very confused look and said "who?". He replied with "Esperanza mija are you ok?". I began to realize that wasn't at home and I wasn't ali. I was somewhere else. I was a total different person. I had asked my "father" what year it was and he replied with "1940, mija now come on lets go before it gets late." In the room we had a clock it read 4:30am. My "sisters" helped me get dressed. I looked at my clothes and they were full with dirt and the smell of farm products. I wanted to know the names of my family members. I didn't want to look like I wasn't from around here. My "father" kept calling my "mother" xiomara and she would call him Manolo. So my mom and dad were Xiomara and Manolo. Now it was time to start getting to know my siblings. On our way to wherever we were going. My "siblings" tried to make conversation with me but I couldn't because I didn't know who they were or what their motives were either. "Esperanza its me

Marisol. Are you ok?"she asked "yes i'm fine Mari I just had a dream that made me forget everything." I tried to play the "forgot card" and I was hoping that it would work...and it did. "My name is Marisol and your sisters name is Esmeralda. Your brothers are Isai, Emiliano, and Joaquin." Marisol said. "Sometimes you forget and we have to repeat to you who we are and what we are doing sometimes." My sister Marisol acted like if this was an everyday thing with me that happened. I asked her where did we live she said "Our parents just recently migrated from Torreon and we live in Bakersfield now" I was stunned. Was I really in bakersfield? I had visited every winter because my grandma ,Teresa lives there. As I began to open my mouth I began to feel dizzy again and felt myself leave that place.

I woke in my schools nurse's office and I asked my nurse what had happened. She wouldn't respond. I asked her once more and still no response. My mom and dad had walked into the room and took me home. On the way home they asked me odd question like if I had been in a cult or sold my soul to the devil or something around that topic. I responded to all their questions with no. No because I didn't know what was going on and I didn't know what was happening to me . All I know is I left my body and traveled somewhere else that was completely new . When I got home I researched farming in the 1940's and saw what my family would have done. I know what they looked like so that the next time I would travel I will be prepared. It was the weekend and I started to feel dizzy again. I felt myself leave my body into "esperanza body". "Isai!" I cried "Where are you!" "i'm right here what do you want." He said. I cried for him because my body felt numb and I felt like I broke something in my body. I couldn't move and I felt paralyzed like sand stuck at the bottom of ocean not being able to move. My "brothers"

rushed to help me and they were also trying to hide me for some reason. "We need to get you out of here before "El Hefe" sees you." They ran to go get my "parents", while they did that my sisters tried to make me feel as comfortable as possible. My "parents" came running into the room and picked me up. As they lifted me up I felt a sharp pain in my legs. It felt as if someone was stabbing me all over my body. Manolo was putting me in the back of his truck when I see Esmeralda's face turn pale. Her face was as white as snow and her eyes looked like she just saw a ghost. I see a tall white man coming towards my family. He put his hands on Xiomara and threw her to the floor. Manolo drops me hard on the truck in order to block the man from hitting Xiomara. He came towards me and hit me with all his might. The last hit made me lose and forget everything.

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The Fall of The Aztecs

By: Christian Montano Jr

BOOM! The sound of thunder woke me up. I couldn't feel anything. I felt tired and weak. I didn't want to get up. I grabbed my phone. "2 Missed calls. 2 Text messages. From Brian" I told myself. I called Brian and he told me to meet him at the park. It's 6:25 why is he at the park? Anyways I went to the park and saw him staring at something. A portal. It looked familiar. It's as small as a plate, and see through. "Is that the Aztec villages?" I asked. "Yeah, it is." He put his head in it and disappeared. "WHERE DID YOU GO!" I asked. No response. Someone tapped my shoulder. "How did you. Why are you? Where did you go?" He appeared behind me. All he told me was

Of Course, I went and packed the. Why am I doing this, I could get myself killed. I don't know what lies behind that plate. I have to clear my mind and do what he said. I trust him, a lot. Where am I going to find a Spear? Sword, Club, and a Sandwich. He better have all of this I'm only bringing the sandwich. We met at the same place and thankfully he had everything. He gave me a bag full of the items on the list. I trust him that he knows where we're going. We jumped in the plate

A weird thing happened. I'm naked! For some odd reason my clothes disappeared. As soon as we arrived, we were greeted by people. A man, his wife, and their son. They asked us if we had parents or a house. Our naked selves couldn't withstand another embarrassing stare from someone else. We wanted shelter. "No, we need help." They asked if we wanted to come in.

We might get murdered or just get lucky . We went in. Thankfully we got lucky. Their house was made of stone. I read that the wealthy lived in stone homes. The mother gave us clothing. Loincloths and a long cape. The father asked about our weapons and we said it was self-defense just in case. Thankfully he didn't ask any more questions. We are two random kids with weapons butt naked we learned how to farm and craft items. We didn't know what time we were in all we knew was it was the Aztecs. We looked very out of place. I had a school project about the Aztecs and their everyday things, I was confident about living here. The only thing that worried me was the attack Spain had.” Should I try to change history?” “No. I can’t. I need to act normal”. It's just a normal day. Maybe I can go back home. I don't want this to be up to me.

The first day of school went well. Besides the fact that we don't have birth parents. Thankfully no one knows. Anyways Jose (The couple's child) taught us the basics of everyday things. They let us use the “Guess Room” it was just a normal room outside of their house. The crops looked amazing.. I felt secure. I almost forgot about Cortes and his attack on the Aztecs. I was thinking too much, it drove me to sleep. I heard a knock. It was from Jose. He was so scared he spoke fast. All I understood was “CORTES. TLAXCALA. ATTACK.” I knew it! We are in 1521. I need to escape. I can't get involved or I'll change history. “We need to escape. NOW!” I told them. Jose didn't move. He shook his head . I knew exactly what was going on. He wanted to fight with his tribe. I didn't blame him. We didn't belong here, and didn't want to change history. We packed everything: something didn't feel right. “We have to stay. We can't leave so soon. We got here just today.” “No. Stop. We are staying.” I told Brian. “Okay. Let's do it. Remember what you told me. We can't change history.” He said. “Yeah, I know. Just stay low, protect Jose and his family.”

It's the next day. Jose's Mother gave us Pozole. My favorite. We prepared for war. Jose, Brian, and Jose's father and I. "Here we go." I said as I saw Spain coming. "THE GODS ARE HERE!" Everyone said. I was confused about what they were saying. "The gods said they would come with a feather, look at their heads. Feathers." Jose's Mom told me. "Well, these aren't the gods. These are the opposite"

Days passed. Population was dying. disease were spreading. We managed to save Jose and his family. They found shelter. So many dead bodies around us. The sound of people still fighting makes it worse. Someone lost their father at war. I don't want to be here anymore, I wanna go home. Suddenly I was faced with a sword to my neck. "Look who we have here. Wanna be a hero so bad. You're gonna die like one." He swung the sword and I passed out. The last thing I saw was Brian and I fall to the ground.

I woke up. The feeling of safety hit me. I was on my bed. I was so happy. Was it all a dream? I looked to my right and there it was. The feather. How did I bring it with me? Nevermind that I'm home now. . It felt like I was gone for days but really I was gone for a few minutes. I just need to relax and enjoy life.

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Back to the Harbor

By: Kolokai Lockwood

Okay, I'm gonna tell you the story on how I, me from 2019 went back in time to December 6, 1941. A day before the attack of Pearl Harbor.

Once my English teacher asked me if I could go back to a historical time; where would I go, what year and why. Pearl Harbor Honolulu Hawaii, 1941. Reason why is to go back and see Pearl Harbor is because I'm part Hawaiian. I always thought it was interesting on how it happened and why. That night I went home and thought about how it would be really interesting and I thought to myself for a long time, it felt like I was falling threw a black hole with ideas getting shot at me.

I woke up that next morning and felt horrible, my head was killing me. It felt like I was crushed by a whale; I couldn't think straight though I still managed to go to school. I remember walking to lunch that day and still not feeling very good. As I was walking through our grass field, I fell to my knees and hit my head . Then waking up confused, and scared with this little lady standing over me; she looked like one of my Aunties. She said "You really hit your head hard sweety." As I sit up trying to figure out where I was . I ask her "Where am I?" She replies quickly "My house." I go to scramble to my feet and try to find a door. I find one and open it with the lady asking me if I'm okay. I didn't respond I just kept walking quickly. I looked around in confusion, it wasn't San Diego and how did I get here?

I walked down a dirt road for a while to a town in the distance. As I was walking down the road there was a sign that said "Welcome to Honolulu Harbor." It took me a while to figure what was going on at first I thought "I somehow traveled to Hawaii." I walk into town and asked a boy around the same age as me, around thirteen or fourteen. I asked him if this was Hawaii? He stared at me for a second and then replied "yep". Kept walking, at the time something didn't make sense, everything looked weird everyone's clothes were different, their hair, cars, and even the island looked empty. Then it really hit me, I traveled back in time to 1941 Pearl Harbor. How come there were no bombings? and Everything seemed normal. I asked another gentleman "what the date was." he looked me up and down and said "December 6." I asked right after "what year?" he says "1941" I instantly felt sick like someone just punched me right in the gut. I tried not to throw up, I said: "where is the harbor?" He said "mile that way." and points south. I say "thanks" and continue on my way down the road.

I get close enough to the harbor there's no damage, everything is normal. I look for the USS Arizona and head towards it. I tried to warn everyone around the ship about how the Japanese coming and everyone looked at me funny. How are they ever gonna believe a fourteen-year-old that they could possibly die tomorrow, it sounds insane. So I figure out a way onto the USS California. I try to warn everyone, like I said before they all thought I was crazy. They went to go kick me off the boat, and I was back to the field where I was eating lunch.

I call my mom and I ask her to come to pick me up because I don't feel good which is the truth, but I would never tell my mom I went back in time to 1941 the day before Pearl Harbor. She would think I'm crazy or I'm on some drug. I got home and I instantly went into the garage and started to make a survival kit, like in the movies. I grabbed some canned goods, metal

water bottle, and a first aid kit. I was ready in case I went back. That night I went to bed with my survival bag next to me. Then there it goes again, my head starts throbbing, I clench my bag. I hear a big boom, it felt like my whole world was rocked by an elephant.

I opened my eyes, I'm back on the USS California; I think to myself "oh no!" I throw my bag onto my back and cover my ears as I see everyone start to wake up to the loud explosions. I scream at the top of my lungs and say "we are under attack!" Everyone goes chaotic like a zoo. I get to my feet and look for the closest hatchet to go outside. I saw one directly in front of me and I run towards it. I get onto the deck and look around, there's just planes after planes, I look over to my right and see the USS Arizona with its stern slowly starting to sink. Then the floor falls out from underneath my feet, I hear in the distance "we've been hit!" and it goes chaotic. I watch two guys instantly jump off the ship. I freeze. I don't know what to do. Do I jump off like half the crew? Or do I stay on and try to help? I decided to stay on the boat and I ran to the lowest floor to try and help everyone off the ship, as I get down they got the news about the attack, I yell again "we are under attack!" As I say that, water slowly trickling in someone yells "let's get out of here!" Half of the group runs up the stairs the others hop into the motor trying to turn on the bilge I go and follow them down into the motor trying to get them to the top of the deck b They won't budge they're dedicated to this ship, they're staying put til everything is turned on and running. Boom! There was another explosion but this one was different, this one wasn't from the sky it was from the water, a submarine. I watched water start to rush in; that's when I see the men start to look panicked, they all leave their station and start to climb up the ladder. People are getting trampled as the water starts to get higher and higher. The whole motor system is almost fully submerged under water. I watch a man die as he gets trapped under the walkway

my gut dropped as I continued up the ladder. As I get to the next floor; there is a nurse with I'm guessing a soldier, carrying him down the stairs into the medic room. I asked her if she needs any help, she told me to go up the to the top to help other nurses with the rest of the soldiers. I ran up the stairs where there was around twenty nurses with sixty hurt soldiers. I help a nurse down the stairs to the medic room. As we walk down the stairs I look around the corner and the motor is fully submerged by water. The nurse tried to move as fast as she could to get up the stairs. We find ourselves trapped; we look around for an exit but there is none she tells me "We are gonna have to leave the soldier". Then the nurse takes my hand and says "follow me." She takes me to a hatch which is already waist-high water, she tells me "I can't open it" I try, I tug and tug with all my strength but no budge. Now the water is coming in really fast, it was around my stomach in less than a minute. I look around for any other way to get out but everything is under water; I look back at the door and give it another tug it starts to budge, I do it again. The water is up to my neck and it's coming fast. Me and the nurse both give it a big pull and it unlatches. I push the nurse out and I go after. I swim to the surface; my headache comes back, everything went dark. Then I realized I'm back home...

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Macumba Thrills

By: Hallie Klenk

“Bem vindo ao Brasil” read the sign above me. It was very cold and wet; I was stuck in something gooey, possibly mud. I started to walk. All of the sudden, I hear my name being called from a woman who sounds gentil, old, and foreign. “How does she know my name?” I thought, figure out the mysterious voice. Before I knew it, she was standing next to me looking at me. “Have I been here before? Is she someone I know?” I sat there for a couple seconds trying to frightened of some sort. I try to ask “who she is, how she knows me, and if she needs help?” No answer; I tried portuguese. “Quem é você?” I asked. “Meu nome é Nelinha eu sou sua terceira bisavó.” She replied quickly. In that moment I was confused and freaked out. How could I be here in Brasil with my great grandmother? Immediately asking “Em que ano estamos?” “1635” she said laughing at me. All of a sudden there was a big bang! Gunshots! We ran as fast as we could. At the end of a trail we were following a white wagon and horse. The man on the horse was big and loud. He told us “Por que vocês estão aqui fora?” While we were standing there he noticed a bracelet on Nelinha and it read “Macumba”. The man took her, threw us in the wagon, and took off . Nelinha was crying repeating “Eu nao quero voltar!” He slapped us. He told us to “Para de falar ou é mais trabalho! Nós não queremos que a pele escura vá para o lixo.”

When we got to a tall dark building there were two guards pulling us out of the wagon. They looked different, they were lighter than the rest of us. They put ropes on our hands and took us into a room. The moment I saw people other with ropes tied around their hands, I realized

what was going on. I was being enslaved. After two days, Nelinha was telling me why. Now I know it's because we come from a family of Roman Catholics. We are known for practicing Mucamba. Therefore, people of other religions think of us as a sin. Being held captive as Macumba members, I remembered in 1865 Dutch took over Brazil and was known as the "Dutch-portuguese invasion on Brazil." I was panicking, scared for my life. As a little girl my ma'ma would tell me stories about the invasion and how our family was affected dramatically by it. As I was sitting there pensiveness, they took us all in a room, sat us down, and untied our hands. The room smelled of dead bodies left on a hot summer day. I could barely breathe. My hands were shaking from the ropes and fear of the men. I took a glance around the room and realized there were only women in the room. "Abra a porta!" said a man with a deep voice. He knocked a couple times before they opened it. He called the two men who tied us over and they were whispering. I couldn't pick up what they were saying. However, I heard one of them say "Ela morreu?!" They turned around, looked at us, and told us "Saia agora!" We all hurried out of the room and followed the other man up steep stairs. The stairs were made up of stone and the stone had fungus all over it. It smelled malodorous. To the right of the stairs was a long hallway which had 5 rooms on each side. Two women went in each room and were locked in there. Surprisingly Nelinha and I ended up in the same room.

While sitting in the room with Nelinha, she asked me "Nós vamos sobreviver?" "Eu não sei, espero que façamos" I said with doubt. The next morning two different guards busted through the door yelling at us "Levante-se! Você tem trabalho a fazer, nao vai faze-lo em si!" We both got up quick, ran to the door, and pushed out. Down the stairs was a lady we saw yesterday in the room. She was wearing a old looking dress with slip on shoes, which looked homemade. The

guard lead us to the kitchen. We were assigned to work in here. As I was making rice and beans I heard somebody outside the door saying “A esposa do líder morreu há dois dias.” “El quiere seguir adelante con el plan.” After I heard that I started to panic because in 1865 before the official invasion on Brazil they burned all their crops and food sources. Immediately I told Nelinha when I saw her heading back to the room. “Eu ouvi alguém falando sobre um plano secreto que o líder vai tomar.” She looked at me confused. Does she not know? Have they started to invade? I questioned myself. I decide to stay quiet before people start to notice. Throughout the night I couldn’t sleep, I was stressing out upon the fact that I know something that is going to kill people or make them move away from their family. I finally fell asleep, but it only felt like 20 minutes. “É muito cedo.” I thought to myself as I was slowly getting up. The day was long; I felt like I was awake for days. The moment they took me back up to the room after working, I was so happy even though it was disgusting. A few days later there was a awful smell in the morning. I couldn’t breath, it was so strong. I looked out the crack between the stones. There was fire! I woke up Nelinha and we ran down to the front doors. We tried to get out but the doors were stuck. They locked us in! We both started to yell “Ajuda por favor ajude!” “As colheitas estão queimando!” The guards came rushing through the doors trying to pull us out of the house when the roof collapsed. After 5 minutes of being trapped under the smoke and debri; we found ourselves outside looking at the burned crops. Me and Nelinha looked at each other and said “Nós precisamos fugir.” That night we had to stay at a different house. There were new guards and new ladies. When they were showing us our new “room” which looked more like a prison cell, Nelinha told me “Minha mãe trabalha nesta casa eu vi no andar de baixo.” “Ela poderia nos ajudar a escapar.” I looked at her with excitement “Ela poderia me mandar de volta para casa?” I

asked. “Sim podemos fazer um feitiço em você. Você está bem com isso?” She responded. “Sim” I said quickly, not knowing what I was getting into. Later she told me “Para completar o ritual, temos que ter um sacrifício de animais.” “Espere o que, realmente?!” I shout “Sim, isso é a única maneira que você pode chegar em casa!” She snapped back. I rolled my eyes and accepted that was my only solution. That night we snuck out and headed down a muddy path. The air was freezing cold we had no warm clothing; I could feel the chills run up my spine and end on my neck. We walked about 5 miles before we got to a house. Nelinha knocked on the door and a tall, dark, beautiful woman answered it. “Há minha menina! Como você está fazendo?” She said in a loving way. “Estou fazendo boa mãe graças.” She replied while looking away in slight embarrassment. It was so cold she let us in, gave us blankets and put more wood in the fireplace. She told me “Sua minha grande bisneta.” “Meu nome é Leticia.” I thought to myself why am I here? Is she the one that's gonna help me get back home? My thoughts were racing through my mind as if they were on a track. “Você vai me ajudar a voltar para casa?” I say because that's all I could spit out. “Sim.” she gently said while staring at my hands. “Posso ver suas mãos?” “Hum... certo.” I give her my hands. She inspects them as if she's searching for something small. She nods yes to Nelinha and they both stand up. Leticia get an old box out from underneath a stack of books. She blows on it, dust appears everywhere. As she opens it my hands start to shake. I can't feel them. What's happening?! “Tudo bem suas mãos devem fazer isso.” Leticia told me. “A razão é porque praticamos a Macumba. Nós somos Cristãos, é o que fazemos.” Nelinha added. I went along with it and waited eagerly to see what was in the box. My eyes opened widely as soon as I saw what was in there. There was blood in bottles, fur from some type of animal, and an old thick book. Leticia opened the book and skimmed through it

quickly. She stopped at a page that had writing and pictures of bodies and animals all over it. I was surprised she knew what to look for. Leticia cleared her throat and started to say “Daqui aos deuses pedimos poder e aceitação.” The room starts to shake, then the fire goes out; its freezing cold. I start to shiver out of fear and coldness. Leticia and Nelinha both say “Feche seus olhos para ouvir os deuses!” I close my eyes, instantly I could hear a deep voice calling out my name “Maria sacrifica sangue animal e você estará seguro se não for feito ao pôr do sol amanhã você será preso.” I was scared, his voice was so deep and toned it reminded me of a scary movie. The moment I opened my eyes everything stopped; the fire the, shaking, all gone. “Agora temos que encontrar um animal. Espere as colheitas queimadas!” She said worried I started to freak out. What if we can’t find any animals? They all left, because there’s no more crops! Leticia pulls out a map of Brazil. “Nós poderíamos ir para o sul para Recife?” “Está perto do Rio de Janeiro.” “Nós poderíamos encontrar animais lá.” Leticia said. “Ok quanto tempo e a viagem?” I said with attitude. “Dia e meio.” That morning we packed and started to travel down to Recife. It was a long journey, we had to stop a couple times so we didn’t get caught by the Dutch. We got to Rio when it was night. We were all really tired and grumpy. The three of us fell asleep in a small cave next to the jungle. At sunrise Leticia and I woke up to find animals. They were everywhere. “Ahhh!” I screamed as I threw a rock at a jaguar. There was blood everywhere. Imdetalty Nehlina woke up and ran over to me and Leticia. She helped us collect the blood to do the ritual later that day. It was round 5:30 pm when we started. The sun was going down, we were running out of time. The ritual took 30 minutes to complete. Throughout the whole thing there was screaming, wind, me flying up, and everything disappearing. They told me I had 30 seconds

before I go back to 2019. I say “Thank you and goodbye!” I fell to the ground, when I woke back up I was in my room in San Diego in the year 2019. “I’m back home!”

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The W. Vision

By: Aariah Ford

“Good morning class, today we will be discussing black culture throughout history.” Mrs. Wallasey, our substitute says as she enters the room. Late. I hear grunts and angry whispers behind and beside me. I get it though, it’s a beautiful friday, and it happens to be the last day of school before summer break. So to talk about slavery and segregation will definitely cause some headaches. But not for them though. My perfect and poised advanced class, but for me. The only full black, dark skinned, nappy headed, thick thighed girl in my whole school. I see from the corner of my eye they are staring at me, awkwardly. So, I pull my arms in inside of my hoodie and hug myself waiting for this forty five minute lecture to end.

When the bell rings i’m the first one to grab my belongs and dash out the classroom accidently letting the door slam behind me. Getting a few glares as I look up to walk by. “Yeah he was all over me I was like yo backoff!” Oh God I can hear Lena all the way down the hall and so can everyone else. I've known Alena Scotting since freshman year. She’s one of the five mixed kids at my wonderfully “diverse” school. “Dang Aariah I see you!” Whenever I wear my j’s she always acts out. Lena is from New York and you don't have to ask her to know that. From the way she talks, to the Knicks jersey she proudly struts in, and you can tell that there is east side in her. To call her loud is an understatement. She is about five foot seven, light creamy skin, and brown loose curly locks that almost touch her butt. When I finally approach her the first thing she does is reaches and plucks off a seven inch single strand of thin blonde hair from my

all black Snoop Dogg hoodie. “I know you ain’t reppin’ my boy Snoop with this on it, you crazy girl!” She said. “Oh what? I didn’t even see that. Thanks Lena.” I say, even though I could care less about a piece of hair on my jacket. I turn and show her my best fake smile as we walk to the cafeteria.

We both grab our lunch and walk down to the table in the middle of the cafeteria. When you are one of the only black people within your whole school, you will be popular. I’d like to call it a fact. The only other full black person in my school is my little brother TJ. Everyone calls him Travis. He is a freshman and is already the most popular kid in the school. He is six foot one and has dark chocolate skin with a mop of dreads on his head. He is slim, muscular, and plays basketball, baseball, and football. His personality status is that he’s cocky, funny, and cool. Also he has about three girlfriends throughout the school (including Lena). As I sit down on the bench he comes next to me and slings his big arm around my neck. I instantly know he wants something. “What do you want Travis?” I say before he can even open his mouth. “Hey sis! Whats up?” Before I can even respond, Lena yells in his face. “Travis! Why haven’t you called me back! I called you eight times yesterday!” I try to hide my smile but you can still hear my snicker. With that given opportunity, I quietly turn out of my seat and snuck out of the cafeteria with my lunch while they argued.

By the time schools over, me and TJ get in my moms car. Him in the front this time. “So how was your last day?” My mom asks when I start untangling my earphones. “Good” my brother and I say together. I put my earphones in and start listening to Aaliyah. My mom works as a nurse for the biggest hospital in San Diego CA. She is just as tired as us and stops asking her questions. I like to stare out my window. I let my thoughts escape me, let my eyes scroll through,

and examine the outside world. We live about thirty five minutes from school and with this traffic it can take up to an hour. I get comfortable and let my thoughts take over. I like thinking about school and how i'm going to miss it in about a week. I think about what I'm going to do for this summer and who I'm going to hang out with. I might even get a summer job. I start to think about school and next year. We have more advanced history next year. Oh God No! Today was horrible enough. Hopefully we won't go over black history next year. I already hear enough about it at home and if I have to at school too I will pass out mid lesson. Today was weird though. The whole lesson was about the high fashion that the average black women would wear in the 1900's. Mrs Wallasey was acting very strange when she was teaching it too. She kept shaking and twitching like an evil cat on halloween. Whenever someone talked or slightly did something that was loud she would growl and hiss at them to stop. That wasn't the weirdest thing. The weirdest thing was that she had her eyes glued on me the whole lesson. Good thing she's just a substitute.

We finally reach the house. After a long day I run upstairs to my room, kicked off my shoes, and grab my laptop. I wanted to know who Mrs. Wallasey really is. When I google her nothing comes up except for this link with her name next to the words "time-travel exotics". I click on the link then the whole computer glitches. Then all of a sudden it goes completely black. I try to restart it but nothing happens, Ugh! It lead me to a virus! Out of frustration I slam my computer shut and yell for my mom. "Ma! My laptop got a virus on it and it wont stay-" Before I finished my sentence I heard a high pitched popping noise. It sounded like those random rings you hear in your ear but 10x worse. It was low and slow at first but as I step toward my computer it gets higher and faster. I can see the screen glowing through the slight crack keeping it from

closing all the way. I go and grab it. I open it without hesitation. But as soon as I look at the screen my mom comes in concern written all over her face. “You called Ariaiah? What’s up with your laptop?” Before I can stop myself I stutter. “Uh nothing! I figured it out. Thanks though.” I lied. She rolled her eyes and turned. The concern face she was giving me still on as she stepped out of my room. With a sigh, I plopped onto my bed opening the electronic device once more. But the bright glow was gone.

“Thanks for dinner mama, it was great! Your turn to wash the dishes Ariaiah.” Travis smirks at me then runs up to his room. I stand up from my chair and thank my mother for the food. Her cooking always knows how to clear up any problems I have. After doing the dishes, taking a shower, and straightening my room I decided to check out my laptop again. I opened it and still nothing. “I really hope this thing still works, it doesn't make sense! How does it just shut down like this after clicking on one virus?” I sigh, plug my computer up, lay back, and let my thoughts slowly fade into an abyss.

The smell is what first wakes me up. The sky smells clean. Like right after heavy rain. That scent felt sweet in my nose. It’s the bright crack of sun peeping through my eyelids that finally snap them open. Sure enough the sun was right there smiling at me wishing me good morning. It blinked, glimmered with the sway of the trees, and the grass I was peacefully laid on. That was interrupted when I heard dramatic yelling “Ariaiah. Ariaiah! Ariaiah watch out!” The mystery voice screamed. I jolted up immediately and looked around just in time to notice two sets of horse hooves marching my way. Then another scream erupted. This one coming out of my mouth. My sense finally kicked in and I rolled out of the way just in time. Out of breathe I looked up and saw a bus looking automobile. It was being pulled by two brown stallions. Inside

were rows filled of snobby faced people who were dress like they were from the 1920s or some old time around then. One of them even pointed at me. A little boy no older than ten. I heard what he said too “look Mama, what's that lil’ colored girl doing in the street?” He said as he pointed his finger in my face. “I don't have a clue Joffrey! Now stop pointing at her and sit yourself down!” the much older looking brunette women said next to him. One last glare and they bus was gone. I felt so confused. Behind it were more busses, horses, and people parading through the streets. They all were wearing the same weird old clothes and hairstyles. Every single one of them were looking at me like I was the insanely dressed one. “Ariah there you are!” the mystery voice. Two pale hands came in front of me and pulled me to my feet. “Wow you-you actually came!” Said a girl around my age or slightly older. She had short bobbed blonde hair that curled a swoop behind her ears. Her eyes were like a honey brown and her thin body was tall. She stood a solid four inches over me. The most interesting thing about her was her voice. It was so soothing. I felt like she could never be angry or hold any type of negative emotion. “I’m glad I told you to move when I did otherwise Mrs W would kill me!” She said in her soft voice. “Wait who are you? Where am I? Why do you look like that? And who’s Mrs W?” She put a hand over my mouth to shut me up. “Come with me and I’ll explain everything.” I gave her a look, she knew I didn't trust her “My name is Mary Kate and I was sent to help you now.” My face softened and reluctantly I followed her.

Her voice seemed to calm me down. Something about her voice was different. The first thirty seconds of our walk through the city was silent. I didn't want to harass her with questions like I did before. I was mentally taking everything in as time passed by. I was definitely not home or

any where near home. But I did find out where I was. I was in Louisiana, New Orleans to be exact I saw that in an old newspaper left on the street. The year was 1912 and segregation was in the air. Every street we turned on were stares waiting to happen. Could it be that I was walking so close to Mary Kate or because of my pink hello-kitty pajama bottoms or maybe just because I'm black. Unfortunately I was used to it. I have always been seen as an outsider. I strolled along and didn't let it bother me. Until we were stopped. Mary Kate sighed "Hello officer Miller" she groaned. "What can I help you with on this fine morning." Her sarcasm looked like it had no effect on him. "Good Morning MK, would you mind me asking what you and this hear colored girl are doing or going to?" He questioned. He must have seen the side eye I was giving him because he raised his left eyebrow and crossed his arms against his chest. "We are um, just going to see Mrs Wallasey." Whoa, now that got my attention. "Hmm. Carry on now" he lifted up his chin and strolled passed her. Then stopped right in front of me." You better watch yo self miss. Don't want any more young colored women to end up in jail now do we?" Disgusted, I said nothing but let my glare do all the speaking for me. He walked away whistling. "I'm sorry about that Aria. Mrs Wallsey told me some about your world and I know it ain't nothing like mine here." She said. Wait, my world? That caught my attention. "Yeah, naw it's not." I replied "c'mon, the sooner we get to Mrs W the better" I couldn't argue with that.

We walked for about fifteen minutes until we were completely out of the city. There was nothing but grass and land. Then a couple of miles away something caught my attention. I could see what looked like a swamp. "Mrs Woolsey is supposed to be meeting us here she's always late so um I guess I can answer your many questions." MK said interrupting my thoughts. "Okay, that would be great." So, I asked her many questions about the people her, why am I

here, and how does she know me and Mrs. Wallasey. “Mrs Wallsey is a special women. She can do magic!” She said randomly. Magic? “What do you mean magic? No such thing.” I responded. “Oh but there is and she is the best at it!” she smiled at me. I was sort of taken aback by all the excitement that I almost forgot my questions. “Before you say anything else look!” she pointed to the far distance. At first there was nothing there. Just continuing grass and land a few flowers here and there but that was it. Then out of what seemed like nowhere was a lady riding on an all black horse galloping it’s way toward us! I froze. Looking at everything like it was mentally insane. She was coming fast too. It seemed like every time I blinked she would closer and closer until was right in front of us. Mary Kate said nothing but had the biggest grin plastered on her face. “Hello Ariaah, I’m glad you made it all in one piece!” The women said greeting me. But it wasn't just a women. It was Mrs. Wallasey. “Washed over with relief” I said calmly “Yeah me too.” She turned and faced MK, then with a single nod she finally started to answer my wandering thoughts.

Every sentence that flowed out of her mouth things slowly started making more sense. Mrs W really is a powerful women. Turns out she actually called for me here. She traveled to my time to teach that one class of mine. She then set up my computer so that it was acting “broken”. Also she told me that I got here through my sleep. I have a special thing to do for her and then she’ll set me free. I just have to find out what that special thing is. “Alright what is it that you need me to do?” “Learn” “Learn?”

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Los Angeles Sun

By: Maya Campbell

A shock of pain rolls down my spine. I collapse to the ground, feeling the weight on my shoulders pushing me down. My head ran laps around the room before my vision blurred into darkness. I woke up in a place that wasn't my home. I stood up before catching my bearings. I see buildings that I've never seen in San Diego. I push myself up from the dirty road and realise a boy, about my age, standing in complete fear.

He was dressed in a simple flannel, tucked tightly into his waist high jeans, his blonde hair was swooped back, and his backpack, or book bag, was laying at his feet, as if he dropped it out of shock. He followed my movements very closely. Why is he looking at me like that? I began to talk but he cut me off. "Who are you?" he said. His tone sounded *off*, almost as if he was disgusted by me. "Well?". He crossed his arms, he was getting impatient with me. My thoughts became flustered and I stumbled out a random name. "I-I'm Susan Roberts, Susie for short. Who are you?". The boy looked irritated. Did I say something wrong? "I'm Michael".

I stuck my hand out "Nice to meet y-". Michael stepped away. I pulled my hand back to my side. "What are you doing?" Michael said in an offended tone. "I'm properly greeting you?" I said in confusion. His eyes grew twice in size, his cheeks became red, and he said "You're a negro. I don't shake negro's hands".

A *what*? My hand formed into a fist, by his facial expressions, I know he noticed my anger. "I am no *negro*, I am a human just like you. Why should the color of my skin justify who I

am as a person?” I snapped back at him. I walked towards him, but with every step I took forward, Michael stepped backwards. That is until he tripped over his foot. “What do you want from me!” he screamed in fear, assuming I was going to hurt him. I stepped back and allowed Michael to get up. “J-just stay away from me!” he said, stumbling over his words. I felt guilty. I buried my face into my hands. *What was I thinking.* “Michael listen, I don’t know where I am. I don’t know if I should trust anyone, or even talk to anyone. I’m just confused as to what happened and how I ended up here”. Michael stood up, very uneasy he said “We’re in Los Angeles. Didn’t you see that big white sign that says Hollywood?”. I looked up and there it was.

I’m in Los Angeles? How did I wake up in Los Angeles. I looked over to Michael again. “Thank you for your time and patience with me Michael, but I have to go find my way home”. Before I could walk away, I felt someone grab onto me. I looked over my shoulder to find a lady with deep brown eyes, highlighted by the bright blue eyeshadow she was wearing, blonde hair, styled with a headband, and lips that were glazed with a red lipstick. I was distracted by her appearance, that I didn’t notice she was speaking to me until I felt a sharp pain on my cheek.

I looked up at her and noticed her resemblance to Michael. “Who are you to yell at my son like that!” She screamed. I never felt so scared in my life. I looked over to Michael. He was just standing there. Motionless, like a mannequin. I managed to loosen the grip the lady had on me by squirming around, but she had grip like a hawk, and I was her prey. “Ma’am, your son was tal-”. She shoved me away from her and I nearly fell to my knees. “Stay away from me and my son, whatever your name is” she said looking down at me. “Susie Roberts.” chimed in Michael. Really? That’s all he’s going to do? “Roberts? Why am I not surprised. Let’s go Michael.” She said while she grabbed Michael’s shoulder and faced him towards their car. As I

tried to stand up straight, I felt dizzy again. The weight from before pulled me to the ground. The clouds in the sky blurred into an abstract painting. My vision blurred out to darkness.

It has been a few days since the *incident*. My cheek had been bruised from Michaels mom aggressiveness. I haven't been feeling nauseous or dizzy in these past few days. All I've been able to do is ponder as to why Michael and his mom looked so different from what people look like now. Why was Michael dressed in that attire? Why did his mother wear such bright makeup? Why did Michael call me a *negro*?

I was done building up theories and did some research. When I researched Michael's attire, I only found articles about fashions from the 50's and 60's. The same thing happened when I researched the language and makeup trends. I decided to go through online images of both, the 60's, and the 50's and made a realization that I shouldn't have asked about where I traveled.

It's been at least a week since I last time traveled. I couldn't stop thinking about what dangers I could run into. During that time period, there were a bunch of riots and protest inspired by black power. There was one riot that lasted a week. It took the name of The Watts Riots. These were riots caused by the arrest of a black man that was supposedly drunk driving. The riots left almost three dozen people dead and more than a thousand injured. If I happen to end up teleporting into that time era, then I could be in serious danger if I wasn't prepared. I asked my mom if I could get a book bag, clothes that matched the time era, and other essentials that would help me blend into my surroundings and keep me safe from any suspecting people.

"Maya, come into the kitchen to get your dinner!" my mom yelled from the other room. I rushed into the kitchen to grab my food but, I felt something pulling me down to the floor. I tried

to run into my room but my head was pounding and my vision was spinning. I move as fast as I can and manage to grab my bookbag full of supplies. I pull the bag towards my stomach, and watched my room and everything else fade away with it. I woke up outside of a small, light blue, house with a mailbox that had “Roberts” painted on the side of it. I get up and look around. I look through my bag and pull out my change of clothes. I notice a small dark space in between two slightly larger houses and change there. I style my hair in a three sectioned ponytail and walked out of the space. A light yellow Volkswagen bug pulls up to the right house and a very familiar face jumps out of the back seat. It’s Michael. He looks taller, or maybe i’m just short. He turns and notices me. Does he remember me? I’m not sure how much time has passed here since I last woke up . He started to jog over to me. I guess he does remember me. “Susie? Is that you?” he calls out. “Hi Michael”. “What have you been up to these days. I haven’t seen you in at least a month.” He smiles as if segregation didn’t exist. “I-I got to go”. I rush off and don’t look back until i’m at least three houses down. Michael looked irritated with me. He walked back over to his house and went inside.

I turned back around and hit something. I fall back and take another hard hit as my head hits the concrete sidewalk. I push myself onto my knees and noticed a girl, a little darker than me, sitting directly across from where I was. She had very faint freckles along the bridge of her nose, long black hair that was put in neat braids, and a very elegant dress. A dress that I probably ripped. I stood up quickly and stuck my hand out to help her up. “Thank you” the girl said, accepting my help. I looked down at her dress and saw the dirt stains. “I’m so sorry, I should have watched where I was going” I frantically said. “It’s ok, my mama can make me another one. I’m Donna, and you are?”. She stuck her hand out in offer of a handshake. “I’m Susie, Susie

Roberts”. I was about to shake her hand, but she set it down to her side. “Roberts?” she asked, very similar to the way Michael’s mom sounded when she found out my name. “Y-yeah, that’s me. Susie Roberts”.

“You’re the girl Michael was talking about. You can move through thin air! Can you show me how you do it?” Donna excitingly asked. Michael was spreading rumors about me? I felt a little angered. “Who else knows about this rumor?” I asked. Donna tilted her head. “The whole neighborhood, maybe all of town.” she said confused as to why I stated it as a rumor. I looked at Donna, her eyes glistened with belief and her mouth curved ever so slightly, showing off a little grin. I knew that I could trust this girl. “Donna, I’m going to tell you something very top secret, but first I need to know how old you are.” I said. I don’t want her to be too young and spread more rumors, like Michael, whether it’s intentional or not. “I’m.” she hesitated. “I’m fourteen, about to turn 15 in a week”. She looked honest, so I came around and told her that I am from a future time of nearly 60 years, and that Michael doesn’t know about this. “Please don’t tell anyone. If the wrong people know, it could cause me harm and possibly reverse all the progress made with Black Power. I don’t know how long I’ll be here, but I prepared for this.” I continued. Donna looked concerned. She looked upset, and a little confused. “I won’t tell anyone your secret.” she came around saying. “But, if the wrong people find out, you could end up like that poor man Marquette Watts.” she continues. Watts? As in the Watts Riots? From the peacefulness of this neighborhood, I heard police car sirens, sounding off in the distance. I look at Donna, and she was covering her ears. She was a *sensitive* person. I told to her to show me which house was hers. She pointed at the blue house with the “Roberts mailbox”. I stopped my breathing. Now I know why Michael’s family scoffed at me “being” a Roberts. I don’t know

what I did here, but all looked ok from the last time I came. I grab Donna's wrist and shuffled her over to her house, she opens the door, and we both run inside.

"Hey baby, how wa-" the women stopped talking. She stood a little bit taller than, had short black hair, and her skin was much darker than Donna's, but she had big, deep brown eyes and a round face like Donna. "Who is this? She said. "She's." Donna thought for a bit. "She's my friend from school, her name is Susie. Can she stay with us for a while, her house is located near where all the riots are and while her parents are looking for a place to stay, they wanted her to find a place to stay". Nice cover Donna, nice cover. "Well, it's nice to meet you Susie, and you're welcome to stay as long as you want." the lady, I have now decided was Donna's mom. "Thank you ma'am, I promise I won't be a bother". "A bother? Oh never honey, Donna's friends are always welcome. I'm Susanne, but you can call me Sue, or Mrs. Roberts. Whatever you're comfortable with". Mrs. Roberts is so welcoming. It's nice to know I have a place to stay. The room was filled with silence until I heard arguing outside. The sun had been setting once I arrived, but now it's almost pitch dark. I can hardly see anything but two figures. One was a little more buff than the other because of his bigger shadow. The smaller one bent over and grabbed something off the floor. Before I knew it, that thing that came flying over was a rock. I jumped down from the windows ledge and fell on my head, it started to ache. The rock hit my head.

"What's going on in here!" Mrs. Roberts called out as she rushed into the room. When she came through the doorway, she looked at the rock, then at me, and finally the window. "Susie, darling are you ok?". She sounded worried for me as if I was her own child. She ran to the kitchen and returned with a wet cloth. It sent a chill down my spine when she placed it on my forehead. "Don't worry darling, I'll make some dinner then we will head right off to bed".

Her voice was so calm and gentle. Mrs. Roberts began preparing Pigs in a Blanket to dip in the fondue. She had me roll out the dough, while Donna cut the hotdogs. As Donna and I began rolling the hotdogs in the dough, A man walked through the door. He didn't look much like Donna except for his nose and ears. It was Mr. Roberts. Mrs. Roberts grabbed his work bag and his hat and set it on the window seat. I noticed Mr. Roberts had a few bruises and cuts. They looked new. Some of them were still bleeding. I walked out of the kitchen and introduced myself. "This is one of Donna's school friends. Her family's home isn't safe because of all the riots so she will be staying with us until her parents find a home" Mrs. Roberts explained. Mr. Roberts nodded his head and went into the living room. He sat down and turned on the T.V. From behind, I watched along with him until Donna called me back into the kitchen.

After dinner, Donna lended me a pair of her pajamas. It was a long nightgown made of a silk like material. Mrs. Roberts made a place for me on the couch and I slept peacefully through the night. The next day was uneventful. I helped Mrs. Roberts around the house, I learned how to make Strudel, and I did a bit of journaling. I went on the front porch, with Mrs. Roberts permission. I was sitting on the lowest step, jotting down the neighborhoods characteristics when I heard a familiar voice. I saw Michael. He was talking to a tall man with a few wrinkles on his forehead, brown hair, and very blue eyes that would strike you if you made eye contact. The man's voice sounded familiar. The argument. This was one of the guys who was in the argument.

Michael noticed me looking over at him and told the man he was going over to neighbors house. The man patted his shoulder and asked Michael to be home by supper. That was Michael's dad. "Hey Susie, why are you avoiding me?" he asked. I just ignored him until he took my journal from me. "Hey! Give it back!" I yelled. I tried to grab it from him but he was much

taller than me now and I couldn't reach it. "Michael. Give. It. Back!" I screamed furiously. "Not until you talk to me." He said, persistent as he had been since I first met him. "Hi, there I talked to you now give it back". He looked at me then started reading through the journal. That was *my* journal. *My* property. I was built up with anger. I wanted my journal back but he wasn't being cooperative. I stepped back, looked Michael dead in the eye and began to charge towards him, when I felt big arms wrap around my waist and lift me up. I tried to squirm out of the persons grip, but I couldn't. Michael's mood swayed from playful to fear. He set the journal down and went back to his house. The person set me down. It was Mr. Roberts. "Listen Susie, don't get involved with the Hall family. They have enough power as is". His voice was calm, yet firm. I nodded and went to retrieve my journal. I went back inside with Mr. Roberts.

Mr. Roberts voice sounded like one of the voices during the rock throwing argument too. *Oh my god.* Michael's dad threw the rock at the house. The same rock that hit me. Mr. Robert's was sitting on couch watching the weather channel. I sat next to him and asked "Was Micha- I mean, Mr. Hall the man who threw the rock at the window?". He looked at me and sighed. "Yes. Yes he was". Mr. Roberts told me how Mr. Hall was curious as to who the new girl was and how he knew nothing about a new girl. Mr. Hall felt as if Mr. Roberts was lying to protect me, so he picked up a rock and tried to throw it at him. Mr. Roberts moved out of the way and that's when the rock hit the window. Eventually, a fight broke out and Mr. Roberts got beaten by Mr. Hall and a few other white neighbors.

Is that why he didn't speak to me at all last night? Am I causing a shift in this, once peaceful, neighborhood? I had to talk to Michael as soon as possible, but how would I even start the conversation? It was the following day and, I wrote down my thoughts in my journal. I

waited till around 3:30ish because that's when he came home from what I'd assume was school. I saw him and his father exit the car. That was my cue. I walked up to them and greeted them both. "Mr. Hall, do you mind if I talk to your son in private. Something was brought to my attention regarding him." I asked in the most sincere voice possible. He grunted but then saw Michael's face and allowed it. "Hey Susie, what's the problem?" Michael began, without knowing what was ahead of him. "Michael, I need you to listen to what I'm about to tell you, very closely." I said with a shaky voice. I told Michael how the rumors he started left me in a situation where I had to explain that I time traveled. I then continued to tell him more about how the time travel led me to Donna and her family.

I felt my lungs hold my air. I'm about to tell Michael that his dad threw a brick at the Roberts window, and started a brawl with Mr. Roberts. "Michael, the problem is your dad. He threw a rock through the window of the Roberts family's home, and proceeded to start a brawl with Mr. Roberts, which led Mr. Roberts bruised and cut. I know this is hard to hear, but-". Michael cut me off. "I know what my dad did. I was to retrieve him for supper as my mom instructed me to. I saw the rock in his hand, but I turned away before he threw the rock." he said with a gentle, disappointed voice. Michael continued to talk as I noticed his dad standing on the front porch. He heard what I said. He heard what Michael said. I tuned back in to Michael. "I've never been so disappointed in him. He always talks about how our nation is changing for the great or good, but he doesn't realize that his actions are preventing the great or good. I'm sorry Susie. I'm sorry for my dad's behavior, I'm sorry about the journal, I'm sorry about calling you that name. *I'm sorry about it all*". I looked over to see Mr. Hall covering his mouth. He's

disappointed in himself. “Thank you for apologizing Michael, but I think your dad should be.” I said with a peaceful smile.

Later that night, someone knocked on our door. I opened it and there he was. Mr. Hall. I know what he’s here to do. “Good Evening young miss, I-I just wanted to apologize for my recent ac-”. I cut him off and asked him to wait there. I called in the Roberts Family. “Now you can continue.” I said walking to another room to give them privacy. As I walked into the other room, I felt a slight dizziness come over me. I’m going *home*. A headache slowly fades in and out. I pull out my journal and write two letters. One thanking the Roberts for their time and nurturing and one to Michael.

Dear Michael,

I'm afraid that my time to go home has come. I wanted to thank you for being understanding. From the first time I saw you, you were scared to even touch my hand, but you have grown. I respect you for changing into a better boy. You will grow up to be a better man. I hope you keep your morals aligned with the positive change our world is going through. I will never forget your willingness to encourage Black Power.

Remember what’s right and encouraged change,

Maya Campbell aka Susie Roberts

I run into the room and hand Michael his letter. “Don’t read it till tomorrow, ok?”. “Ok.” Michael smiled and stuck his hand out. I shook it then told him my farewells. I walked away and back into the other room. My bag was packed, the note was on the table, and my shoulders felt a heavy weight pull them down. I watched the room fall away from me and felt a tear roll down my face. I wake up and look around. I’m *home*. I began to tear up with glee. My mom knocked

on my door. “Maya, your breakfast is ready”. She walked through the door and asked me what was wrong and I told her that I watched a video about the progression of race empowerment and how it inspired me being a mixed woman. She walked over, handed me my food, gave me a hug and left my room. This is it. I'm where i'm supposed to be. I'm *home*.

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Back of the book

Glossary

All the words that people might not know or that are in different language.

Macumba Thrills: Bem vindo ao Brasil - Welcome to Brazil (pg. 14) **Quem é você** - Who are you (pg. 14) **Meu nome é Nelinha eu sou sua terceira bisavó** - My name is Nelinha, I am your third great Grandmother. (pg. 14) **Em que ano estamos** - What year are we in? (pg.14) **Por que vocês estão aqui fora** - Why are you out here? (pg.14) **Eu nao quero voltar** - I don't want to go back. (pg.14) **Para de falar ou e mais trabalho** - Stop talking or it's more work. (pg.14) **Nós não queremos que a pele escura vá para o lixo** - We don't want dark skin to go to waste. (pg.14) **Abra a porta**- Open the door. (pg.15) **Ela morreu** - She died (pg.15) **Saia agora** - Get out now! (pg.15) **Nós vamos sobreviver** - Are we going to survive? (pg.15) **Eu nao sei, espero que façamos** - I don't know, I hope we do. (pg.15) **Levante se você tem trabalho a fazer, não vai fazê-lo em si** - Get up you have work to do, it's not gonna do itself. (pg.15) **A esposa do líder morreu há dois dias** - The leaders wife died two days ago. (pg.15) **El quiere seguir adelante con el plan** - He wants to move forward with the plan. (pg.15) **Eu ouvi alguém falando sobre um plano secreto que o líder vai tomar** - I heard somebody talking about a secret plan the leader is going to take. (pg.15) **E muito cedo** - It's too early. (pg.16) **Ajuda por favor ajude** - Help please help! (pg.16) **As colheitas estão queimando** - The crops are burning! (pg.16) **Nós precisamos fugir** - We need to run away. (pg.16) **Minha mãe trabalha nesta casa eu a vi no andar de baixo** - My mom works in this house, I saw her downstairs. (pg.16) **Ela poderia nos ajudar a escapar** - She could help us escape. (pg.16) **Ela poderia me mandar de volta para casa** - Could she send me back home? (pg.16) **Sim podemos fazer um feitiço em você. Você está bem com isso** - Yes we can do a spell on you. Are you okay with that? (pg.16) **Para completar o ritual, temos que ter um sacrificio de animals** - To complete the ritual, we have to have a animal sacrifice. (pg.16) **Espere o que realmente** - Wait what, really? (pg.16) **Sim, isso é a única maneira que você pode chegar em casa** - Yes, that's the only way you can get home. (pg.16) **Ha minha menina como você está fazendo** - There's my baby girl, how are you doing? (pg.17) **Estou fazendo boa mãe graças** - Im doing good mom thanks (pg. 17) **Sua minha grande bisneta** - Your my great-great granddaughter. (pg. 17) **Meu nome e Leticia** - My name is Leticia. (pg.17) **Você vai me ajudar a voltar para casa** - Are you going to help me go back home? (pg.17) **Posso ver suas mãos** - May I see your hands? (pg.17) **Hum...certo** - Um...sure. (pg.17) **Tudo bem suas mãos devem fazer isso** - Its okay your hands are supposed to do that. (pg.17) **A razão é porque praticamos a Macumba. Nós somos cristãos, e o que**

fazemos - The reason is because we practice Macumba. We are Christian, that's what we do. (pg.17) **Daqui aos deuses pedimos poder e aceitação** - From here to the gods we ask for power and acceptance. (pg. 17) **Feche seus olhos para ouvir os deuses** - Close your eyes to hear the gods. (pg.17) **Maria sacrifica sangue animal e você estará seguro se não for feito ao pôr do sol amanhã você será preso** - Maria sacrifice animal blood and you will be safe, if not done by sundown tomorrow you will be stuck! (pg.17) **Agora temos que encontrar um animal. Espere as colheitas queimadas** - Now we have to find an animal. Wait the crops burned down. (pg.18) **Nós poderíamos ir para o sul para Recife** - We could go down south to Recife? (pg.18) **Está perto do Rio de Janeiro** - Its close to Rio de Janeiro. (pg.18) **Nós poderíamos encontrar animais lá** - We could find animals there. (pg.18) **Ok quanto tempo e a viagem** - Okay how long is the trip? (pg.18) **Dia e meio** - Day and a half. (pg.18)

